

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## ADVANTAGE OF LARGE FAMILIES.

By Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York.



BISHOP POTTER.

I fear it is true that the American women of today are opposed to families, particularly large ones, of the old fashioned kind, and it is to be regretted. In Webster's time the best men and women of the young republic came from large families. I think it must have been the association of large families of children with each other, the doing for each other, the self denial, each one for the others and for their parents, that made the men of strong character and the women of a noble domestic life. This sort of home training, where there are brothers and sisters mingling together under the same roof, instills into boys and girls, young men and young women, the noblest instincts, the most worthy ambitions. Children and young persons must have an inborn and inbred veneration and affection as well as a responsible feeling for those nearest and nearest to them to make the best men and women.

## GAMBLING AND DIVORCE THE CURSES OF SOCIETY.

By President Angell, of Michigan University.



GAMBLING.

Certain customs which are rapidly gaining ground among women in what are called the higher social circles demand a vigorous effort on the part of intelligent and high minded women to secure the elimination of the element of gambling from amusements and games innocent in themselves. Furthermore, we have a right to expect from educated women pronounced condemnation rather than indulgent views of the rapidly growing practice, for which both sexes are guilty responsible, of procuring under loose laws, laxly administered, divorces on trivial grounds or by collusion and of contracting subsequent marriages with unscrupulous haste. In some quarters and in what calls itself our best society the renunciation of the solemn marriage vow on slight pretexts and the playing of games for stakes by women in private parlors are treated with a levity and publicly discussed with an indifference which recalls the declining days of the Roman empire. The purity of domestic life, the sanctity of the home, the very foundation of society, are imperiled by these abuses.

## PREACHERS SHOULD NOT BE PARROTS.

By Rev. Madison C. Peters, of Philadelphia.



PARROT.

Preachers should be prophets, not parrots—preaching the coming day. In many prominent pulpits in America to-day the preachers simply dare not be uncompromising in their denunciation of sin and wickedness. Such preaching would drive out the men whose ill gotten wealth makes them essential to the church because they can make large contributions, and many a preacher is compelled to credit his hearers with virtues they do not possess, and for the sake of his bread and butter is compelled to pandering to prejudices in public which in private he despises. The mightiest force in the world is the aroused conscience of a great people, and the chief quickener and educator of the conscience in the past has been the pulpit. The press is taking the place of the pulpit and is becoming the most important and effective support of virtue's cause.

The man who is enthusiastic about the church in its present condition only gives proof that he has ceased to be a living factor in the world's progress. I am not now speaking of Christianity, which is the life and inspiration

of our civilization, but I do say that the church is not leading the way in the new civilization. What influence the church has she uses to conserve the heritage of the past. But who dares say that the church is molding the future? With a narrow conception of her mission the church has sat on a high platform of empty dignity with folded hands while the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., and hundreds of similar organizations are doing the work which the church should have done. Reforms of the most important character not only receive little support from the church, but have frequently to encounter its bitterest opposition.

## WHY PEOPLE FLOCK TO THE CITIES.

By Hon. Seth Low, of New York.



CITY.

These are days in which everybody tends toward the city. It is easy enough to understand this tendency, for in the cities are a greater volume and variety of employment and an equally greater volume and variety of entertainment. The trend of life in cities, however, has produced some results the effects of which are only beginning to be realized. It has come to be realized in all the larger cities of the country that the crowding together of many people in the city as the city grows changes the environment of children most unfortunately. They are apt to suffer for air in their homes, and they are likely to be deprived of opportunities for play. It has come to be believed with us, therefore, that the city has no higher duty to its own people or to the nation than to afford natural opportunities for its children for play as well as for work and study.

There is one thing to be said of every city—that just because it draws into itself the best that is in the country round about it and often from far afield it is under special obligation to give back in some form of service that which it has so abundantly received. I wish that our cities may take into themselves the elements of power that come from the country, as the coal receives the rays of the sun and gives the power back again in warmth and light; that it may be the object of every city not simply to become great in size, but greatly to serve the world.

## MEN SHOULD AVOID THE "NEW WOMAN."

By Professor Peck of Columbia University.



WOMAN.

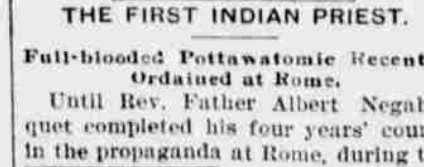
Against the twentieth century "new woman" every man should set his face like flint. She is striving for economic independence, and her advanced theories have already borne some fruit in the marked distaste for marrying that is growing among men. The cause for this distaste does not lie in man's heartlessness nor yet in his profligacy, but in the fanaticism and unwisdom of the modern woman. To every man who is deserving of the name a true home is of all things most desirable and beautiful. But if he sees about him only women who believe that they have "missions" in the world far greater than the noble ones of a wifehood and motherhood, or women who crave continual excitement, then what is left for men but a life about town?

The average man's judgment about the average woman is generally a correct judgment. The average man of this twentieth century does not want the woman of to-day or to-morrow changed from the woman of yesterday. As a true woman is to-day and as she has been in the past so man would have her in the future. He does not wish the evolution of a new type of motherhood that substitutes the formulated resolutions of a mothers' congress for the old time instincts of self devotion, tenderness and never failing love. He does not yearn for a new type of wifehood, for he does not wish the sort of wife who would be a species of domestic comet, a dissolving view, or even a person he could borrow money of. He rather wishes one who in the good old way will have no interests apart from him and who will help him to make these interests broader and further reaching.

## THE FIRST INDIAN PRIEST.

Full-blooded Pottawatomie Recently Ordained at Rome.

Until Rev. Father Albert Negahmet completed his four years' course in the propaganda at Rome, during the present year, there had never been a full-blooded Indian admitted to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. Since the first days following America's discovery, this church has ever been zealous in converting the Indians, and through education placing them in a position to advance in civilization. There have been, too, many zealous converts, but none has ever before reached the priesthood.



REV. NEGAHMET.

Father Negahmet was born in 1874 on the Pottawatomie Indians' former reservation, near St. Mary's, Kan. Through the untiring efforts of Jesuit missionaries the Pottawatomie tribe, nearly a century before, had been converted to the Catholic faith. The oldest of ten children, Negahmet was taken, at a tender age, to the Church of the Assumption, at Topeka, Kan., for baptism. Soon afterward his parents removed, with other members of the tribe, to the Pottawatomie's new reservation, in then the central part of the Indian Territory. He attended the government school for Indians, and his unusual intelligence as a pupil attracted the attention of the teachers. They encouraged him to go farther with his studies, and he therefore entered the School of the Sacred Heart, maintained for the Indians by the Catholics, in Southern Pottawatomie County, Okla.

While attending Sacred Heart this Indian student came into the notice of Mother Katherine Drexel, a member of the celebrated Philadelphia family of that name, and through her assistance and that of her sister, Mrs. Morrill, he was enabled to complete his studies at that institution. He next went to Carlisle, Pa., and from it to the Catholic University at Washington, from which in due time he passed to the propaganda at Rome.

Population of Manila. Manila has a total population of something like 300,000, about 10,000 being American and European born. The American population is estimated at about 6,000. Time works fewer wonders than the dime museum manager exhibits.

## HOMESICK.

It stands afar midst happy, sunlit fields  
A little farm house, brown and old.  
With ancient, ivy-covered, buttressed  
walls,  
And above thatched roof of gold:  
And I a wanderer from the dusty town,  
Grown weary of its heavy ways,  
Wistful, from off the hot white road, look  
down  
And long for the old days.

For there the nights were blessed with  
quiet sleep  
The days were filled with happy cares,  
And there the skies seemed ever blue,  
and there  
Was time for peace and prayers:  
While youth and laughter, joy and hope,  
and love  
Sang in my heart a happy song.  
Ah! met a song that's hushed for ever—  
The crowded streets among.

And now I stand and gaze, with heavy  
heart,  
Across dear fields in longing sore,  
To where another woman, happier far,  
Looks from the low, half-door.  
Oh, little farm house, old, and brown,  
and sweet,  
I wake when all the world's at rest  
And think of you, and long for the old  
peace  
And the untroubled breast!  
—Pall Mall Gazette.

## Roses and Potatoes.

THERE are the roses," said Polly, depositing a huge load of American Beauties on the table and laying her muff and stole on a pile of grocery boxes. "The carnations and sinlax and evergreens are coming down in the carriage with the Japanese lanterns and the funny little tissue paper caps.

We were getting ready for the charity dinner at the mission chapel, and, of course, Polly was doing the trimmings. Polly always does the trimmings.

"But where," said I, gazing on the great masses of green and pink, "will they find room for—the potatoes, for instance."

"Potatoes," said Polly, scornfully, as she took a mass of blue forget-me-nots, which she calls a "hat," off her pompadour, and laid it on another grocery box. "Those, Mr. Heavyfeather, will be considered—afterward, of course."

"Like matrimony, after courtship, I suppose," I sighed, picking up a long-stemmed rose and holding it gingerly by the tip end.

"Yes," said Polly, "or housekeeping after the honeymoon."

"Or the bill after the dinner," I remarked. "There won't be any bill after this dinner," said Polly, "because the deacon donated the potatoes—and things, and a kind lady donated the roses and lent us her teacups."

"How thoughtful of her," I remarked. "I am sure those starving little slum youngsters are just yearning for—roses served in china teacups. Who was the lady, Polly? A delicate pupil with fluffy hair and a pink tea manner?"

"On the contrary," said Polly, pulling the thorns off a long green stem with the dexterity of an expert, "she was a nice, commonsense little thing with a turned-up nose, and a violent interest in her meals. I distinctly saw her take three helpings of chicken salad at the ladies' aid meeting."

"The kind," I suggested, "who would spend ten minutes before breakfast curling her hair and two minutes making sloppy coffee."

"Yes," said Polly, "and who would spend the whole afternoon planning an evening bonnet for herself instead of planning an evening lecture for her husband; and the whole evening saying pretty things and flirting with you instead of going over the grocery books, and her whole life making things interesting and pleasant instead of cutting down the expenses."

"And her declining years," I added, "in the divorce court instead of—"

"Darning socks!" broke in Polly. "Not half so many divorces," she went on, "are caused by cold coffee as by cold dispositions. Whoever heard of a wife let the biscuits burn while she kissed him in the morning? Nobody! But there are dozens of good cooks sighing for the husbands they forgot to kiss while they were busy making batter cakes. It is never the woman who makes good biscuits who lures a man away from his fireside and his bachelor comforts, but the one who wears a rose in her hair. Potatoes!" and Polly jammed a rose down into the epergne with a scornful shove. You keep potatoes in your kitchen, don't you—on the shelf? Potatoes are cheap. You can get them and hire Mary Anne to cook them for \$4 a week. But you don't want them hanging around your dressing room, nor your dressing room, nor your den. Now, roses are acceptable anywhere, you like them at the breakfast table in the morning, at your desk at noon, and in your buttonhole—"

"I didn't know," said I, "that the modern woman liked to be carried around in a man's buttonhole—like an adjunct."

"She doesn't," said Polly, "care to be done down and digested or left on a plate—to be forgotten the moment she ceases to be useful."

"And," I went on, ignoring Polly's outburst, "if she does want to be ornamental as well as useful—even a potato has a blossom, you know."

"A sprout!" interrupted Polly. "Which," I continued, "a king once thought lovely enough to wear in his buttonhole."

Polly picked up a full-blown rose with a jerk that sent a hundred leaves fluttering about us like a pink snowstorm.

"Roses," said I, looking at the empty stalks insignificantly, "are so apt to fade and wither."

"And potatoes," replied Polly, "get hard and old and knotty and develop eyes."

"That's so," said I, "and it isn't well for a woman to have too many eyes."

"Besides," said Polly, gathering up the fallen leaves and putting them and the stalks in a little pile, "a rose has a heart."

"So has a potato," I remarked.

"But you have to dig through so much exterior to find it," declared Polly.

## EMPEROR OF JAPAN.



Emperor Mutsuhito, of Japan, bears the ancient title of mikado, meaning "the honorable gate," but in all diplomatic documents he is addressed as Kotel. He was born at Kyoto, Nov. 3, 1852, and ascended the throne on the 13th of February, 1867, upon the death of his father, Komel Tenno. The mikado was married Feb. 9, 1869, to Princess Haruko, and five children, a son and four daughters, have blessed the union. In 1871 the feudal system was abolished in Japan, but the system of government remained an absolute monarchy until 1889, when the 11th of February of which year a constitution was promulgated. The emperor now combines in himself the right of sovereignty, and exercises executive powers, with the advice and assistance of cabinet ministers and a privy council, whom he appoints. During the emperor's wise and beneficent reign Japan has forged to the front as one of the important nations of the world to-day.

Polly held the potato up against my coat lapel and stood off to admire it. "Take it away," I pleaded.

Polly dropped the potato into its box.

"And now," she said, shaking her finger at me, "will you ever again malign the lady who sent the roses and the teacups?"

"Never," I declared.

"Or snub her if she should ever make you sloppy coffee?"

"I don't understand," said I.

"Or cry for meat and potatoes when she gives you kisses and roses?"

"But, Polly—" I began.

"Miss Lee," said the maid, coming in with a trayful of dishes, "here are the teacups you told me to bring down, and your mother says please to step out to the carriage and bring in the rest of the roses and things you ordered."

"Polly," said I humbly, "I beg your pardon."

Polly smiled forgivingly and tucked a white rose in my buttonhole. "There is something," said I, "that you mentioned in connection with roses—something that generally goes with them."

And then somehow that rose in my buttonhole got horribly crushed.—Helen Rowland, in Washington Post.

## THE ARMY'S SOCIAL QUEEN.

Mrs. Anna R. Chaffee Well Fitted for Her New Position.

A new queen has lately come to reign in the social domain made up of the households of the officers of the United States army, stationed at Washington, and it may be said without the slightest fear of exaggeration that had special fitness to wield this social scepter been the sole consideration a search of the entire country would have disclosed no other woman so admirably adapted to the task as Mrs. Anna R. Chaffee.



MRS. CHAFFEE.

Mrs. Chaffee is the general's second wife, and back of her marriage was a pretty little romance. Mrs. Chaffee's ancestors were all New Englanders, but the later generations of the family, like many another, drifted westward, and the former Miss Annie Rockwell was born and her girlhood was spent in Illinois. Then her father removed to Kansas, and it was here that Prince Charming came upon the scene in the uniform of a United States army officer. Miss Rockwell was a girl in school when the dashing Chaffee was first detailed to Fort Riley, but Cupid's shaft was winged in short order, and a few years later, or in 1875, the couple were married at Junction City.

## Followed the Same Craft.

In the days when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was a leading figure in Victorian politics there sat in the Melbourne parliament a wealthy but not well-informed butcher. The chief secretary of the day was deprecating the attitude of the leader of the opposition, whose conduct was, he declared, worse than Nero's. "Who was Nero?" interjected the knight of the cleaver, with equal scorn and sincerity. "Who was Nero?" replied the delighted secretary. "The honorable gentleman ought to know. Nero was a celebrated Roman butcher."

Some people know no other fear than that of a policeman. But a policeman is a small terror, compared with some others.

A hobo's idea of a nightmare is to dream of working.

## Physical Changes in Man.

Recent researches have furnished some startling facts regarding changes which man is at present undergoing physically. It is believed that man was formerly endowed with more teeth than he now possesses. Abundant evidence exists that ages and ages ago human teeth were used as weapons of defense. The practice of eating our food cooked and the disuse of teeth as weapons are said to be responsible for the degeneration that is going on. In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; to-day a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision. It is almost certain that man once possessed a third eye, by means of which he was enabled to see above his head. The human eyes formerly regarded the world from two sides of the head. They are even now gradually shifting to a more forward position. In the dim past the ear flap was of great service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in the play of the features. The muscles of the ear have fallen in disuse, for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists. Again, the sense of smell is noticeably inferior to that of savages. That it is still decreasing is evidenced by observations of the olfactory organ.

## Gratitude Well Expressed.

Saul Ste. Marie, Mich., Feb. 28.—Mr. C. L. Smith, painter and decorator, whose home is at 309 Aune street, this city, makes the following statement:—"I was laid up with some kind of ailment. Some said it was lumbago, others Sciatica, and other again Rheumatism. A few of my friends suggested that it was lead poison, but whatever it was it gave me a great deal of pain, in fact, almost completely crippled me. I had to use two canes to walk about and even then it was a very painful task.

"A friend advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and I began the treatment. After I had used the first box I was able to throw away one of the canes and was considerably improved. The second box straightened me up so that I could go about free from pain without any assistance and very soon after I was completely cured, yes, and Dodd's Kidney Pills seemed to go right to the spot in my case and they will always have my greatest praise."

## Shorlock Holmes II.

Chief Millikin (at the opera)—That little man over there in the box is a professor of mathematics.

Inspector Casey—Is he an acquaintance of yours?

Chief Millikin—No; I never saw him before.

Inspector Casey—Then how did you know he is a professional mathematician?

Chief Millikin—By the interest he takes in the figures on the stage.

## Moravian Barley and Speltz.

Two great cereals making growing and fattening hogs and cattle possible in Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Nebraska, and all above Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass, Teosinte, which produces 80 tons of green fodder per acre, Salzer's Earliest Cane, Salzer's 60 Day Oats and a hundred of other rare farm seeds that he offers.

## Diagnosis Is Accepted.

An old woolly headed darky appeared at the dispensary of one of the hospitals the other morning.

"Well, uncle, what is it?" inquired the young medico in charge.

"Ah've got de mishy pow'ful bad, boss," said the aged darky.

"Where have you got the misery?"

"Ah dun got it evuhweah."

"Well," inquired the doctor, "what do you think ails you?"

"Ah think," solemnly answered the old black, "dat Ah've dun got somethin' de matruh wif mah vernifuge dependin'."

"What makes you think that's your trouble?" inquired the doctor, smothering the chuckle that rose in his throat.

"Well, suh, Ah had de nose bleed pow'ful bad las' night, an' Ah hain't no aptitude 'tall fo' watumillions dis yeah."

"Well, it's your vernifuge dependin' that's bothering you all right, uncle," said the young doctor, "but I'll fix you out quick enough. Take one of these before each meal."

He handed the old darky a little box of bread pills, and the old woolly head departed with a broad grin of happiness, no less because he had got free medicine than because his own diagnosis of his case had been so promptly accepted.—Washington Post.

## Her Superstition.

"Are you superstitious?"

"Just a little," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "whenever I see a poster announcing a race meeting I can't help thinking it a sign of bad luck."—Washington Star.

## WELL POSTED.

A California Doctor with 40 Years' Experience.

"In my 40 years' experience as a teacher and practitioner along hygienic lines," says Los Angeles physician, "I have never found a food to compare with Grape-Nuts for the benefit of the general health of all classes of people. I have recommended Grape-Nuts for a number of years to patients with the greatest success, and every year's experience makes me more enthusiastic regarding its use.

"I make it a rule to always recommend Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee in place of coffee when giving my patients instructions as to diet, for I know both Grape-Nuts and Postum can be digested by any one.

"As for myself, when engaged in much mental work my diet twice a day consists of Grape-Nuts and rich cream. I find it just the thing to build up gray matter and keep the brain in good working order.

"In addition to its wonderful effects as a brain and nerve food Grape-Nuts always keeps the digestive organs in perfect, healthy tone. I carry it with me when I travel, otherwise I am almost certain to have trouble with my stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Strong endorsements like the above from physicians all over the country have stamped Grape-Nuts the most scientific food in the world.

There's a reason.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

## CONGRESS APPROPRIATES \$250,000 TO WAR AGAINST COTTON-DESTROYING PEST



The Mexican boll weevil, marching eastward across the cotton belt, is recognized as the greatest menace the South has ever known. The destruction left by the Civil War was hardly more costly than the ravages of the tiny bug will be within the next decade unless something can be found to check progress.

Having spread over the cotton fields of Texas it now stands at the border line of Louisiana, and so great is the alarm engendered by its approach in that State that Governor W. W. Heard, issuing a call for a special session of the Legislature, has led in a movement which has resulted in the appointment of a commission of five members charged with the waging of a systematic war on the pest. The Legislature appropriated \$25,000 as a fund to be used by the commission and provided for a quarantine against all Texas products and goods which might bring the insect into the fields of Louisiana.

Congress has passed a bill carrying an appropriation of \$250,000 to be expended by the Department of Agriculture in fighting the weevil, discovering measures to lessen its harmfulness and endeavoring to find its special enemy in the insect world, that it may be used against it.

## MULTIMILLIONAIRE SITS BEHIND A TICKET WINDOW

At San Francisco, in the office of the Oceanic Steamship Company, one of the big enterprises owned by the Spreckels family, a young man of average appearance sells tickets to tourists



JOHN D. SPRECKELS, JR.

who want to go to Australia and the Continent. A casual observer might confidently set him down as a \$15-a-week clerk, but he would be in error. The young man is John D. Spreckels, Jr., heir to more millions than any

youth on the Pacific slope. At the same time his wife, daughter of Willard Huntington and grandniece of Collis P. Huntington, has more or less wealth. He says:

"Why do I work? Well, for one thing, I need the money. But this is not the principal reason. My father is at the head of the steamship concern, and I realize that some day I may have to take some part in the management of it. I have got to know the business, and I don't know any other better way of learning it than by beginning from the ground up."

This is the place where the complaints are made. Now, there is nothing better than the work required to cool down a kicker—that is, to dig into his kick and find out what's wrong—for a young man trying to learn the business. In doing this I discover many little details that would otherwise have escaped me for a long time."

## Theology Was a Puzzle.

"Which did de Lord make first, Brudder Johnson, de hen or de egg?"

"De hen, oh kose—de egg comes from de hen."

"Yais, but de hen comes from de egg, too."

"Now, see yar, Brudder Jefferson—of de Lord had made de egg first, he'd had to make a incubator to hatch it, a sawmill to get de wood fo' de incubator, a tin mine fo' de tin, a win-